

SORIN CERIN



Eternity

Philosophical poems

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2017

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**Critical appreciations about the
poetry of meditation**

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential

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enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the *Non-sense of the Existence*, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up

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to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the upercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the upercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary

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Conversations”, which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, “Romania literary”, where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, “Literary Conversations”, number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

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I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

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It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

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The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on

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one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

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What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

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Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of

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ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

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Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin, update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man

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the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

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PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through

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adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the

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Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu: "Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title

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of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

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PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

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PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more

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disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. Dry water

The star dust of Thoughts,
falls over the gallant Glances of the Truth,
which has no rival in the Lie,
of to be Beings,
who really believe,
in the flowers of Love,
on which the dry and cloudy Water, of Life,
it wet them daily,
by killing at the slaughterhouses of creation,
new Words, aborted with contempt,
by a corrupt and rotten Destiny,
grown in the tree of a Knowledge,
whose madness it killed,
even and the wars with ourselves.

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2. The unique meaning of Happiness

Rivers of, vagrant Moments,
they delete the distances of the Horizons kindled by
Destiny,
in the beds of some Dreams,
what they seem to not be known, never,
the Illusions of Death,
which will lead them to the altar of Existence,
where to marry them with the Life,
deprived of the rights of the Nativity,
which has forsaken, of longer than the Times,
the Absolute Truth of Creation,
so sick and skinny,
that, no longer recognizes, neither the Death,
which wants to feed him,
with the spoon of the Forgetfulness,
for an Eternity,
which has paid him pretty much,
for to become,
the unique meaning of Happiness.

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3. In which I believed

The horseshoes horned by their own Luck,
are caught by the amulets of the eyes of Heaven,
of the Dawns which collect us,
the wandered Thoughts through the beds of the Dreams,
of to be stronger than the Divine Light,
which wants to banish us the Nightmares of the Night,
on the riverbed washed by the tortuous rivers of Destinies,
which still more weave,
the rough wool of the Pain,
for lost and feverish Glances,
of the wandered Time,
through the wrinkles of the Words in which I believed,
as being Love.

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4. In their inwards

Destinies trained,
through the circuses of the Life Consumption Society,
are selling for nothing,
to Existence.

Pyres of Words,
burn ceaseless on the embers of the macabre Pleasures,
of some laws,
on which the judges of Absurd,
have considered them to be,
Truth,
even if in their inwards,
they do not have a bit of Love.

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5. The new fashion of the Death

Fences disoriented by Glances,
they crush the Endlessness of the Feelings,
with the steps of lead, of the barbed wire,
of the Words that barely crawl,
through wet and cold trenches,
dug by the wrinkles of some Commas,
whose bars can not be crushed,
not even by the Eternity,
which reached to sell itself at the Market of Love ,
for nothing,
and with all these,
Nobody buys her anymore,
being unattractive,
for the new fashion,
of the Death.

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6. After which he has longed

Wings dug into the rock of nail,
with which God has ransacked,
the dust of Existence,
desperate after the loss of the Absolute Truth,
for to give us in return,
the Life of Original Sin,
after which he has longed in so much,
that, he discovered without wanting,
the Illusions of Death,
from which we built us the statue of Destiny,
to whom he gave him breath, and bars,
enough of many,
so that it can no longer be lost,
at the game table of Hazard,
by,
Pain.

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7. The Storms of the Chariots of Fire

Flight baptized
of their own heights as being Absurd,
scatters and today the Illusions of Death,
of, above the Heaven of your Eyes,
on which the Existence,
it wanted them to be endless,
in which to lose themselves,
the Storms of the Chariots of Fire,
of the Lightnings,
from the tremendously Blood of Love,
the true stallion of Longing,
on which I ran toward the Death,
which it lost you,
from the Word of creation of the Stars,
whose Destinies,
they have been for us so hostile,
that we have remained,
covered with snowdrifts, of cold and impersonal snow,
of the Forgetfulness,
by ourselves.

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- philosophical poems-

8. Rusty rails

Shreds torn from the Heaven of Eternity,
fall snowed on the socket of live flesh,
of a Traffic of Glances,
blackened by the Moments of the Loneliness,
for to be sold to the Flea Market,
of Forgetfulness.

Bets bedizened of Promises,
have blinded on the ways without return,
of the Illusions of Death,
where no station of the Freedom,
does no longer receive them,
on the rails of its Existence,
which leads toward rusty Cemeteries,
of some Loves,
emaciated by the past.

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- philosophical poems-

9. Saints martyred

Medals of Happinesses,
rewarded by the Illusions of Death ,
with Consumption Societies,
enough of criminals,
for to give rise to the legislative pollution,
of, the Promises of some confused lives,
given to a Religion of Vanity,
on which only the Money,
can still understand it,
through cathedrals full of frippery,
of the Thoughts,
escaped from the Prison of Happiness,
which is injected with force,
of the saints martyred,
which are we,
those from the unanswered Questions,
born in the insalubrious ghettos,
of the Conscience.

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- philosophical poems-

10. The Vanity of the Good

Banished words,
from the lost Paradise,
at the roulette of Destiny,
by a God so reckless,
that he spilled almost all the Water of Life,
on the dirty tablecloth of the Illusions of Death,
thus, washing them, the dark face,
of the Prisons of Words,
in one more cheerful and full of Dreams,
of the Vanity of the Good,
which seemed to defeat,
in the Game with Death,
if Existence,
it would never have been born,
so much, non-existent,
as they are for us,
our own Illusions of Life.

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11. Unique investor

God,
has not been expelled from Paradise,
because he remained the unique investor,
who still contributes,
to the heating system of Hell,
without which,
the Paradise,
it would not exist,
in its current form,
but he would have sold piece by piece,
to the Absolute Truth,
which would close the gates of spiritual Debauchery,
through which they would no longer enter or leave,
the Illusions of Life and Death.

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- philosophical poems-

12. The weighing scale of the Absolute Lie

The wishes of the absurd,
they feed with the Illusions of Life,
while those of the Absolute Truth,
with the Illusions of Death,
crucified on the cross saved by the sweat of the Blood,
originated from the suffering of a World,
of the Crime,
who has always escaped, unconvicted,
by the Infidels Heavens of the Judgment,
because these,
have never had,
a weighing scale of the Absolute Lie.

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- philosophical poems-

13. Accredited churches

I asked God,
why namely did he want that every man,
to be a pillar of suffering,
to carry the wires of the Destiny,
toward an unknown identity?

He replied that only in this way can he receive the Divine
Light,
in the dark corners of the Inferno,
on which he called Paradise,
where every soul is welcome,
if he pays the exorbitant consumption,
of the Vanity,
at the cash desk of each accredited Church,
by the Illusions of Death.

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14. Leased by Absurd

Freedom has become,
the stopped fruit of the Original Sin,
only when the Illusions of the Death,
they gave way to Sanctified Water with Death,
of the Life,
which to wash the feet of the Vanity,
giving them again the stolen brilliance of Immortality,
in a tree of Knowledge,
on which no Conscience of the Absolute Truth,
would not have accepted it,
if the Lie would not have desired and itself to be Absolute,
sitting at the same playing table,
with the God, who was losing continuously,
the number of his own alcoholic stars,
leased by Absurd,
to the Existence.

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15. To be the head of the reunified family

The worlds should be called Traces,
because through each,
has trampled somewhere - sometime,
the Word of the Creation, drunk,
by so many alcoholic stars, swallowed,
by an unconscious God,
who wished that the Suffering,
it to be the head of the reunified family of the Absurd,
created at the forge of Creation,
by the Existence,
which neither today, has not received the payment of the
Absolute Truth,
which considers it, a great Lie,
of which they used themselves,
the Illusions of Life and Death.

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16. The Illusion of Truth

Logic is a state of mind,
of the Illusion of Death,
while math,
of the Illusion of Life.

Neither a Death,
can not to equal Life in Lying,
how neither a Perfection,
can not be committed,
without the Illusion of Truth.

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17. Alien compared to the Stranger from us

We are born trampling on Happiness,
until we crush it,
with the weight of the body,
of the Illusion of Death,
which it feeds us the Ambitions,
to defeat Life.

We reach in a point,
from where any Word of the Existence,
can no longer start,
than with a swan song,
of a Comma,
which announces us the End,
of the Game with Life,
where every time lost the Future,
in front of a Past,
so alien compared to the Stranger from us,
that we consider him,
to be always only ours.

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- philosophical poems-

18. Regardless of Sense

The only duty of the Existence,
is Death,
and of the Illusions of the Death,
is the Life,
in a Creation where God,
he chose himself,
as being the essence of the soul of the World,
in the place of the Absolute Truth,
which it would be separated,
the Eternity by the Dust,
the Sacred by Profane,
predestinating,
the incarnation of Endless,
in the Perfection of the Word,
regardless of Sense.

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19. Sins necessary

You love profoundly only then,
when the Illusions of Death overlap with the Love,
in so much,
that,
all the Stars of the Universe,
they seem to have the same Fate,
on which you share her,
to the Existence,
on the sinful paths of the Happiness,
in front of some Religions,
which have never recognized,
another Liberty,
than theirs,
then when they invented,
the Salvation,
of some Sins,
so necessary,
that neither a Church of Sighs,
would not have been raised, without their help.

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20. The Rains of the Nothingness

The riverbeds, flooded,
by the drought of the Glances,
they burn everything in the way,
scorching the Past
which declared himself immune,
to all the promises of Time,
which still believes,
in the fossils of Memories,
on which the Eternal Moment, worships them,
under which we have hidden us,
by the Rains of the Nothingness,
whose Forgetfulness,
it watches us,
hidden behind the Horizon,
of some Dawns,
whose Divine Light,
was transposed,
in the Parallel Mirrors of the Being,
who embodied us the Dream,
whose Word has inspired us,
the breath of Destiny,

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unforgiving,
of the Illusions of Death.

21. Tell us

Breathe us, Lord,
the Destinies,
from the Cemetery of Conscience,
of this World,
and tell us,
if you are proud of Your Creation,
the one full of Original Sins,
of each Soul,
who clings to the Illusions of Life,
without his will,
being born under the blessing,
of Illusions of Death,
which you lead them,
since you gave birth,
the Suffering.

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22. Churches of Disappointments

Embrace my Happiness,
which has forsaken me,
deceiving me with the Illusions of Life,
for a Moment of, Truth,
when the Death,
has disowned,
its own Illusions of Death,
on which has pawned them,
at the Fair of the Blood,
where the Genes of the Existence were sold,
at a price so spiced,
and gave him the tears of God,
raining with Churches of Disappointments,
at every hemorrhage of Words,
which would have wanted,
they to bandage us, the wounds of the Past,
burned by the embers of the Vanity.

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23. Nobody understands it

Destinies of stone
crushed by the blades of the Words,
for to be sliced,
in the mosaic of Existence,
and polished according to the instructions for use,
written by God,
in the book of service duties,
of the Illusions of Death,
for whom Life has become,
a story whose Fairies,
is bathed in the mire of the Vanity,
for to become beautiful,
and Death is the rescuer diamond,
bound to the neck of each Star's Fate,
which shines the way of a Soul,
comprised by the panic of the blindness of a Love,
which Nobody understands it,
not even the Eternal Moment,
in which we could escape,
Never.

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24. In the white baton of the old age

Clocks broken by Feelings,
they sit on the cold walls of the Conscience,
beating the deserted hours of a Future,
closed in the lonely Hospice, of the Days,
whose branches of Hopes,
were dried at the broken windows of the Souls,
through which blow the cold winds of Nothingness
married a long time ago,
than the times of Hopes,
with Time,
whose sole purpose is to die,
dressed with the Illusions of Death,
above his years,
grinded,
to the wheel of a Luck, Blind,
which seeks trembling,
supported in the white baton of the old age,
the Star of Eternity,
on which,
it seems,
that he will not find it, Never.

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25. The Alienations of Conscience

Silkworms,
of the Desert from us,
weave the Alienations of Conscience,
after a pattern of the Destiny,
of a God,
on which neither the Illusions of Life,
they can not understand Him,
even if His saints,
stay perched,
on the Walls of Churches of some Moral,
cracked,
by the Quakes of the Absolute Truth,
in the Essential Points of the Existence,
which want always to be,
the virgins of an Eternity,
on which neither a Time,
would not have succeeded to possess them,
by standing above the rebel Moments,
of the Illusions of Death,
before to become aware of,
the Vanity and Absurd of a World,

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of the Paradise of Lying.

26. To know what to collect

We have divided the World into Seasons,
because the Illusions of Death,
to know what to collect,
from the Tree of Knowledge,
when they have paved,
the alleys of the Absolute Truth,
over the hearts of the Cemeteries,
from the Blood of some Loves,
what they have never found,
the perfect gravediggers,
which to dig them the Eternity of Moment,
deep enough,
so to can throw without regrets,
the Illusions of Death,
from the whole Endlessness of the World,
which was lost without realizing,
in a kiss of Immortality,
on which neither a Dust,
incarnate in some rotten Word,
can no longer accept it.

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27. In their dew

If you knew how much I would have picked,
the Smiles of your Eternity,
from the coffin of this rotten World,
you would have understood,
that the Eternity,
was hidden in the wrinkles of Perfection,
of the Illusions of Death,
from the forehead of our Destiny,
who was born,
just to meet us,
the Unhappiness of Existence,
which wanted to transform,
in the Nectar of some Gods of Glances,
in which,
all the endless Oceans of the Bees,
would have wanted,
they to hide their,
the Honey of some rebel Tears,
who would Never have understood us,
the Happiness
in their dew.

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28. On the pyre of the Infamy

I wonder who,
has looked,
so profoundly in the eye,
the Loneliness,
that he could understand,
her own Illusions, of the Death,
on which,
neither a Cemetery of the Loves,
which is respected,
would not have received them,
in their cold and careless tombs,
of Memories?

Nobody,
from the vulgar World of Time,
where the Eternities,
are put us,
on the pyre,
of the Infamy?

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29. The Dust of Thoughts

Throw with rocks in Destiny,
all those who believe,
that the Illusions of Death do not have the Sense,
in the predicted World,
by the Religions of Blood,
whose Genes, bitter and crazy,
they have begotten us the Remembrance of the Ancestors,
for which they are fighting,
confronting the Eternity,
the Illusions of Death,
what they break, the lattice of the Cemetery of Moments,
on which I have banished them,
from the Illusions of our Life,
by planting them,
in every Church of Dreams,
what they believed,
that we will not die soon enough,
so that we to not realize,
how many Falling Stars, of the Destinies,
they burned,
in the Dust of Thoughts,

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from us.

30. They did not decorate the Cemeteries of Dreams

Roots of promises,
they wash the venomous fences,
of the Crematoriums,
from our Hopes,
urging them to believe,
in a God,
on which,
only the Pubs of the Alcoholic Stars,
they still worship him,
through the Churches of the broken bottles,
by the ruined Walls of Souls,
filled with the necessary strength, of the Forgetfulness,
until,
the Illusions of Death,
they manage to transform their,
In the Last Life,
all the Illusions of Life,
full of Remorses,
which did not decorate,
the Cemeteries of Dreams,

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with the flowers of ice,
of the Word of Creation.

31. Only after the pains of Births

Who would have understood,
the zodiac Signs of God,
from the Bibles of illiterates,
who have learned the words,
of the Illusions of Death,
only after the pains of Births,
of the Truth of the Lie,
which made us,
enough much, Death,
so that we can all succeed,
to we carry us to the end,
the desire to Love,
beyond all the Days of Clouds from the Blood,
which boils,
through the hiding places of the Future,
who hugs us every time,
the Vanity?

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32. The bitter drink of the Forgetfulness

Which of us,
did not break his own Loneliness,
to the Lottery ticket in the Envelope,
of Illusions of Death,
waiting to win,
once and for all,
the Death,
which to give them,
enough much Life of beyond,
to get them drunk,
all the miserable Moments of Poverty,
which, they have paved them the way of Existence,
toward the Ice Flowers of Souls,
broken at the mill of the Luck,
for to cool them,
the bitter drink,
of the Forgetfulness?

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33. Which to recreate, again, the World

Do not tell me that the Horizon of Love,
can be so frustrated,
so that to can no longer to tell us ever,
that the scarf of the Illusions of Death,
is so tight,
over our Existence,
that barely we longer want to become,
the Hopes,
of a World of Beyond,
on which to we can plant her in the Dreams of Love,
watered with the dry Tears,
of the Memories,
the only ones I have kept,
in the hollow of the palms of some Wrinkles,
on which I sailed,
the entire Life of the Glances,
in which we have lost us,
the Eternity,

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forgetting us the Word,
in which we were born,
one for each other,
in which we would like,
we to become a God,
which to recreate,
again,
the World,
only for us.

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34. In the Pot of some Glances

The flames of Dreams,
burn the Souls,
of Illusions of Death,
in the sacred Ovens,
of some Loves,
on which neither the Water of Life,
can no longer understand them,
no matter how boiled,
it would be,
in the Pot of some Glances,
slanting and blocked,
by the dirty walls,
of the unfulfilled Promises,
on the scenes gnawed by the Ambitions,
of the Existence,
of some Vanities,
where the Eyes of the Serene, die,
in the arms of the Storms of the Blood,
which boils,
at the smoldering fire,
in our Future.

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35. He to be able to die once with me

How much I would like,
to I banish from my Life,
the Storms of the Past,
on which I sailed in drift,
trying to regain my balance,
of the Illusions of Death,
which they fed me,
with their Cemeteries of vain Dreams,
over which I was floating,
have shipwrecked me the Future,
looking for a Port,
of your Soul,
in which I can dig for me,
in peace and quiet,
the Tomb of my own Star,
whose Destiny,
was waiting for me, of an Eternity,
at the table of the Birth,
shouting for the first time,
to this Existence,
to help him,

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he to be able to die,
once with me.

36. Washed on the soles of the Destiny

Days of rusty tin,
of the Thoughts,
are sold at the Fair of Existence,
as precious metals,
of a Time,
on which no Star,
has not succeeded to understand him,
since when he killed his Moments,
hanging them,
by the thresholds of the Vanities,
as on any wild animal,
on which would have hunted him, the Consciousness,
washed on the brain,
by the heavy arms of Destiny,
with the Illusion of Death,
the only detergent,
received in the gift,
from Creation,
for to remove the occult dirt,
of the Illusion of Life.

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37. The Divine Light of Love

We live in a World,
where Death is the poetry of Life,
recited by Cemeteries of Feelings,
on which we cherish them,
for the Blood of the Moments which boiling,
through the disobedient veins,
of the Youthfulness of an Eternity,
which want to transform,
the role of the Consciousnesses,
from being,
the Coffins of the Glances,
at dawn, of the Destinies,
which to shine,
in the Divine Light of Love,
the Steps,
full of the sweat of the Absolute Truth,
on which no Horizon of the Happiness,
will no longer succeed to count them,
to the end.

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38. The Letters arrive unannounced

Comercials, deserted,
at Tombs of Smiles,
adorn the streets of Loves, lost
at the Lottery of Vanity,
where the Letters arrive unannounced,
on the rusty paths of Destinies,
by bringing news to the Illusions of Death,
which oversee us, the Happiness,
so as not to strangle us,
with her kindness of bride,
of a Time,
tangled from a while,
with the Eternity of a Moment,
which no longer gives peace,
to the Love,
to be able to die quietly,
on the wrinkles of the face of a Horizon,
of the Nobody.

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39. The Cemetery of a single Eternity

Dust stelar,
lost in Words of reproach,
washed by the rains of an Absurd,
which clarifies us,
the path toward the Illusions of Death,
of a World,
of the Hazard,
on which none of us,
he did not buy it,
at the brothel of Destiny,
which deceives us with new Days,
the increasingly dirty,
but so indebted,
to the Illusion of Life,
with a Death,
so expensive,
that they will never have,
enough of many, fleeting Moments,
as to bribe her the Time,
with the Cemetery,
of a single Eternity.

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40. Scissors of Words

Gods of cardboard,
bends reverently,
in front of the Scissors of some Words,
sharper,
than troubled Ages,
of the Fountains dried out by the Absolute Truth,
which rusts impassive,
on the Sweeps dispirited of the Smiles,
extracting the Water of the Illusions of the Death,
from the tenebrous depths of the Blood,
which played,
even and the last Genes of the ancestors ,
at the Lottery of the Hazard,
from where the Time seems to be getting rich,
with the breath full of degrees of the alcoholic Stars,
which seem to be refused,
long ago, than the Weather,
to enlighten the Path of Destiny,
which would have united us,
in the Eternity of the Moment of a Love.

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41. Existence without purpose

Dry flight with smell of insatiable Tavern,
he frightens the Horizon of Passions,
vitiating the Serene,
with the insults of a Consciousness,
kept in the heavy and oppressive boots,
of the Illusions of Death,
from which it is expected,
the Salvation,
from the unnamed desert,
of the Cemetery of Words,
on which we address them to each other,
in a cadence of the Hooves of Meanings,
which crush the granite of the Black Thoughts,
losing his Horseshoes of the Luck,
in the stifling dust,
of the Existence without purpose.

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42. The Churches of Consciousnesses

Olive branches,
raised in the Blood of Indifference,
burn the hearts of the Wars,
from the unfulfilled Desires of Absurd,
of a Creation,
on which no work of Destinies,
she can not do it,
beating the Path toward the Divine Light,
of the Citadel of Dreams,
where we would hide our Souls,
by the Traces full of coldness,
of the Forgetfulness,
which threatens us,
through her rust, of stale virgin,
with the Morality of some Illusions of the Death,
which we do not want to ever understand,
in the Churches of our Consciousnesses.

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43. The Glances of Tears

Wrinkles lonely,
burn the Words of Memories,
in the lost mist of a Blood,
in which we swam us,
somewhere sometime,
the Happiness,
taken out by the Divine Light,
in the Glances of Tears which laughed,
by, the Horizons of Illusions of Death,
on which they pretended not to see them,
as well as them,
they treated us with the indifference full of coldness,
of the Death,
in which the Eternity where we bathe,
it did not believe, that could ever exist,
hidden precisely
in the ice corners of a Word,
in which we have lost us,
forever,
the Dream.

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44. We to Separate us

Seedlings of fog,
intensify the darkness of Words of wind,
on which the bloody deserts of the sunsets,
of on our lips,
they still utter them, in the butcher shop, of end, of world,
of the Words,
ending in the slaughterhouses of the Glances,
bloody,
and full by the Spirit of God,
what seems that has replaced the Waters of the Illusions of
Life,
over which he was floating,
with the Waters of Illusions of Death,
over which he reached,
in the port of the World of our Love,
which we have killed,
when we decided,
to we Separate us,
by ourselves.

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45. Present barefoot

Steps of stone,
lost by the thick and insensitive soles,
of the Memory,
which, it tread us, the Present barefoot
in the legs which have stung him,
with the Questions without Answers,
of the Dreams,
on which the Creation,
she made them,
so that she can better manage the Illusions of Death,
from which we have built us the sails of Moments,
whose Eternities we cross them,
without we knowing,
that the Passing is the biggest loss,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love of the true God,
hidden in the existential Lie,
which we breathe it,
believing that we are heading,
toward the Death of Indifference and Suffering,
which will remain eternal.

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46. Swims spasmodically

The waterfalls, of the Water of Life,
have become thresholds,
of which are hitting the Stars,
of the Divine Light from us,
which predestines us,
the free fall into the sacred void,
of the Consciousness of Illusions of Life,
which swims spasmodically,
among the Illusions of Death,
trying to get to the shore,
in front of threatening waves,
of the Society of Consumed the vain Dreams,
sold for nothing at the Destinies,
whose factories of Happinesses,
seem to be demolished,
of longer than the ancient Times.

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47. To moor us

The regrets,
which breathes,
through the sigh of some Hopes,
they try the Dawns with the magical rod of the Thoughts,
hitting them over the soles of Divine Light,
believing that it is enough that these,
to trample them, the Mornings of Souls,
in so deep,
that the Pain will remain crushed,
on the black and wet asphalt,
of the Forgetfulness,
closed behind the lattice of a Day,
of the Glances,
which still haunts me,
with the endlessness, indifferent and glacial ,
which comprised us the whole frost,
of the stelar dust,
which was boiling us,

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in the blood of Questions without Answers,
of the Illusions of Death,
which we crossed them,
without to longer wish us a particular port,
in which to moor us,
the Eternity of the Moment of a Love,
in which to we can shelter the Existence,
forever.

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48. The only Sense for which we live

Rays of Divine Light,
shine in the Blood of the ancestors,
bringing them the Dreams,
in the Present, timeless,
married to Eternity,
of the statue of Flint, of the Genes,
bent by so much Information,
on which I hit her,
until it pulled out,
enough much, sparks of Memory,
that to ignite the Sacred Fire,
of the Soul of Existence,
older than Time,
whose Days flooded by Illusions of Life,
they can not understand,
that the Endlessness can not be measured,
than in the Illusions of Death,
becoming the only Sense,
for which we live.

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49. To which we worship, the Destiny

When,
the Lyre of frozen Stars,
of the Universe,
of the Blood of Dust in us,
it began to sing disagreeably,
taking out sparks of Memories,
of some stars,
which have fallen from the Heaven of Absolute Truth,
was born the Original Sin,
conceived by the Illusions of Death,
which have carved him an imposing socket,
in all the Churches of Words,
to which we worship,
the Destiny.

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50. The Eternity that awaits us

We are a spell of Salvation,
which let us to fall into the blind faith,
of the Original Sin,
which tied us the eyes of souls,
with the scarf of the Illusions of Death,
trying to make us stronger,
for the Eternity that awaits us,
beyond the locked gates of Existence,
in whose mud we have chosen us the birth,
of Suffering,
on which we have no longer succeeded to pawn her,
for to receive,
the few coins,
of, Absolute Truth,
of the Luck,
of before being,
the Life and Death.

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51. The Feelings have shipwrecked

Neither Death could not understand,
why Life has been predestined us,
by the the Dry Water of his Illusions,
whose stelar dust,
keeps the Breath of Consciousness,
in so much,
that, even the Truth of the Absolute Lie,
begins to have visions,
when it would like to report itself,
to the nonexistent reality,
of the Happiness,
on which,
have shipwrecked our Feelings,
lost forever,
in the arms of the Illusions of Death.

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52. The Pride of Illusions of Death

Walls of Dreams
it raises,
over the Pride of Illusions of Death,
destroying us the Memories,
with their majestic and imposing weight,
which wants to demoralize,
any Trace of Love,
which would try,
to cross beyond the border,
of the Original Sins,
abandoned still from birth,
by the Absolute Truth,
because this one,
would have found out,
that they are not the descendants of his ancestors.

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53. Averse any Steps

The clouds of the Smiles,
they began to sift,
the snowflakes of some Words,
which burn with their glacial coldness,
the Sincerity,
barely reached in the port of the frozen lips,
by the blizzard of Questions of some Feelings,
averse any Steps,
what would they like to sail on the endless oceans of some
passionate Loves,
lost in the grayness of Horizons,
that unite with the Illusions of Death,
in a crazy dance of the Vanity,
of a Time, confused and betrayed,
and forsaken,
by his own Eternal Moments,
on which the Breathing of the boiling Blood,
from the wings of Happiness,
seems to no longer catch them never.

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54. Panic of the Absurd

Heavy gates of stelar dust,
carved by the chisel of the Divine Light,
making the Body of Absolute Truth,
on which the Consciousness,
of the Only Incidentally and Creator,
it should dress Him,
at the birth of the Worlds of Thoughts,
on which His Will wants them to be created,
for to give Sense,
to the Perfection,
in which he will be able to mirror his Greatness,
which became Un-incidentally,
in the Mirror of Illusions of Death,
of some Lives,
comprised by, the panic of Absurd,
which often it wanted to be,
Love.

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55. They could give him to the Happiness

Arched bridges,
over the Vices of the Past,
have studded the tablecloths,
of the Traces,
on which we feed us, the Pride,
charmed by the Towels of some Faiths,
which wipe us out the sweat of the Icons,
from the powerless Souls,
of the Moments which we forsaken them,
believing that we will catch the jackpot
of the Time,
which promised us every time,
another Future,
on which the Illusions of Death,
they could give him to the Happiness.

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56. The stalls of small things, vulgar

The wrinkles full of the darkness of the Past,
they wandering oppressive,
over the tablecloth of the Day,
on which we put the wedding ring of Love,
given by the Destiny,
ragged and dispirited,
to feed us,
with its ephemeral brilliance,
which even today,
after so, bitter, of Time,
is looking for its endlessness of Moment,
in which would like to fall,
from the terrestrial Paradise,
of the Society of Consumed the Ideals,
sold at the stalls of small things
vulgar,
in an Inferno,
of the Original Sin,
considered to be virtue,
by the Stranger in us.

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57. The Society of Consumption of Illusions of the Death

The Traps of Ideals,
they polish the chains of the Words,
related to the pillars of torture
of some Feelings,
on which the Moral,
of the Society of Consumption of Illusions of the Death,
does not accept them,
in their sincere and pure form,
throwing them on the Stand of the Vanities,
where, they are sold for nothing,
to the Absurd of false and perverse Loves,
which is prostituting
in the threshold of a Creation,
which still looks in the broken Mirror,
of the Apocalypse,
buried deep,
in our Blood,
of slaves of Destinies,
averse.

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58. So much futile

The stairs of the Existence, so eroded,
by the steps of Death,
they fall deep into the palms of the Clouds of Dreams,
what they hide,
the Absolute Truth of the Subconscious Stranger,
from the Soul,
who feels how he suffocates,
when recognizes,
that he will not succeed to catch, Never,
that he will not be able to catch Never,
the Horizons of True Love,
from which he made a body of Divine Light,
the God of our Hopes,
what they seem,
so much futile,
now.

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59. Coffins of Words, at fashion

The Wings, of Divine Light,
of the Perfection,
floating above the spirit of the Illusions of Life,
trying to more save,
what has remained,
from the body of Love,
which burned on the unconscious pyre of Carelessness,
by our own Eternity,
on which we wandered her,
on the known paths,
only by the Subconscious Stranger of the Happiness,
lost,
at the Games without Luck,
of the Society of Consumption,
the Lives,
increasingly subjected,
to the universal values,
of the Money,
which bought ,
his own Illusions of Death,
making new coffins of Words,

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at fashion.

60. If it is not helpful

Deep regrets,
floods the depths of Original Sins,
with the rashness of a Creation,
too interested only by her Creator,
that everything what remains,
as a Mirrored image of His,
in the Existence of our Blood,
it seems to have no longer, any importance,
if it is not helpful.

Could it be this one the true God ?,
or is the one conceived by Man,
after the image and likeness of his wickedness?

No longer remains for us,
than to we paint as many icons,
with the image of Man,
framed in the Illusions of his Life and Death.

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61. On the snow of Blood

I did not know,
that you can slip so fast,
on the snow of Blood,
of the my Thoughts,
reaching up to the Heart of Words,
who started to beat,
more and more loud,
the Kisses of the Phrases that sought you,
in the Soul of the Eternity of Moment,
and in which I was hiding,
of, a possible failure,
of the Forgetfulness,
not knowing that all the Days of Freedom of to be,
Love,
were given us,
for to integrate us into, the Absolute,
of the Universe,
of the Tears of Ocean from us,
fed with the Water of the Illusions of Life,
on which we will sail,

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alongside the Illusions of Death,
which I have stuffed them,
for to remember us,
the madness of Separation,
by ourselves,
in a World of messianic Delirium,
which would have given, anything,
to kill us,
the Hopes.

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62. The Bread of Loneliness

The waves moldy,
of the Wheat of the Being,
which knead us the Bread of Loneliness,
from the dough of the Illusions of Death,
on the cold and sad tables,
of the Morgues full of Words,
of the Promises, of, Love,
which have torn us apart,
the Eternity of the Moment,
in so much,
that we wanted,
we to be taken out, from its nets
of nursing mother, old woman and stupid,
which fenced us the Death,
not understanding,
that it is our only salvation,
in the deserted streets,
of the Destiny.

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63. Wedding picture

Zodiac signs cut by Luck,
for to be cooked at the wedding of Death,
in sheaf of Words, of the Separation,
bind tightly by the Illusions of Death,
which we preserve,
our entire Existence,
in the wedding picture,
framed by Absurd,
with the wood gathered from the gardens of Eden,
of the Vanity,
where all,
they want to build their house and table,
of the rebel Time,
which they want him dead,
above all the Illusions of Life,
believing that thus they will win,
the Lottery of Eternity.

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64. On the rotten wood of the cross of Love

We always run,
beyond the endlessness of the Word,
which has incarnated us the Conscience,
of the eyes of embers of the Dawns,
on which we see them, a new beginning,
of the Happiness,
lost every time,
between the cold ices of the Commas,
of a Savior,
who did not want to wash us,
as it should,
on the rotten wood of the cross of Love,
the feet of Thoughts,
full of the Original Sins,
of the resurrected Love,
from the Illusions of Death,
which we have carried them in our Genes,
through all the ancestors,
who fought,
before the oldest Times,
with the Death from us.

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65. The Dawn of the Word of Love

The veins of the rivers of Meanings,
are lost in the palms of the Wrinkles,
through which we embrace us the purpose of Love,
of to be the Horizons of Eternity,
in which neither the Time can no longer believe,
that most of his Moments,
can be true Worlds,
in which to shelter,
the Illusions of Death,
which he picked them up skillfully,
of on the lips of the Kisses fallen in love
of the Promises so young of the Happiness,
that even now they are taken to the school of Memories,
every time,
when the Dawn of the Word of Love,
they begin to shine,
on the foreheads of Loneliness.

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66. What still am I looking for in your life?

What still am I looking for in your life?
so frozen with the Smile of God,
of your Word,
which has cried me the Breathing,
of the Destiny?

And if he did not have me,
who would love you the Eternity of Moment,
in my place,
wanting to hide us,
in the Soul of Time without borders,
between the Eyes of Glances of the Endlessness from you,
and the Heaven of Heart of the Horizon,
on which Nobody,
will not succeed ever,
to encompass it,
besides me,
wanting to give it to you,
forever.

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67. Has lost his the Patience

I wonder where I would hide myself,
if I could not understand the Illusion of Life,
kidnapped by the Destiny ,?
I would stay lying under the bridges,
of, the Apocalypse of the Future ?,
which will give me the chance,
of to shelter me,
under the eaves of the Illusions of Death,
or should I go beyond,
of any Meaning,
of the Consciousness from me,
which, I wear it,
in the Blood of the Traces of Eternity,
which have brought me on this World,
in which it would have been mirrored,
the fear of the God,
for the Illusions of Life,
which he noticed them too late,
only when he realized,

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that the Mirror of Creation in which he looked at,
was broken,
by the Love that we barely succeed,
to we carry it,
on the bent back,
of the Time,
which has lost his,
the Patience.

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68. The sap of the Illusions of Death

The Dry Water has dried up
from the deep Fountains of Existence,
which has lost its sap,
of the petals without Luck,
of the Consciousness,
what helps her to dream,
at other ideational levels,
where alongside Good and Evil,
could exist thousands of opposites,
Angels of our Angels,
whose Understanding,
would have different meanings,
than those of the Divine Soul,
from which we drag us the sap,
of the Illusions of Death.

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69. Never another?

Does God have a Soul,
or is only the Creator,
and the Unique Incidentally,
of this one?

If he would not have,
why he has destined us, one
through which to we feel,
the Happiness and the Pain of this World?

Or maybe he does not have Soul,
only for us?,
those who, we never know,
when the Moment of the Illusions of Death will come,
for to give us the Soul rented by Illusions of Life,
to the rightful owner,
who is the same God,
and never another?

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70. No matter how many promises

Bridges of Genes,
whose features,
we received them in gift,
from the Hazard of Existence,
they collapse,
over the Eyes of Infinity,
from the heart of which you look at
how were drowned our Ancestors,
carried by the ruthless waves of the Times,
from the Blood of some Sunsets,
of the Illusions of Life,
what they seem to have never believed,
in the Illusions of Death given by a God,
whose Religions of Love,
have separated us from one another,
at the table of Vanity,
of an Eternal Moment,
on which the Word that created us,
seems to not understand it,
Never,
no matter how many promises we would make it,

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that we will always love us.

71. On the wings of a Kiss of the Time

I never understood,
why we sipped us,
the bitter coffee of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
through the Cemetery of the Thoughts,
when I told you how much God,
may be in the Word,
in which we would have wanted to hide us,
the Happiness,
on which we have no longer taken her, from the arms of
Glances,
which have given us the Eternity of Moment,
without us realizing,
while we did not understand,
that we are taken,
on the wings of a Kiss of the Time,
for to embrace us the Immortality,
on which we had her in us,
more than any Time of the Times,
of a Retrieval.

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72. The distaff of Consciousness

It does not exists Time,
which to be more important,
than the Moment of Eternity,
which, he knotted and unknotted,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
putting his sacred seal,
over the whole Existence,
of the World,
which barely afterwards,
begins to unwind its Future and Past,
for to be woven,
on the distaff of Consciousness,
full of the darkness of the Times,
of the Vanity,
from which they will braid us,
the Birth and Death.

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73. In which we find us again the Death

I left my Cloak of the Illusions of Death,
on your back,
of Divine Light,
that you flooded me the Heaven of the Existence,
with the Absolute Truth,
of Your Glance,
of Eye of the Heart,
who have opened me the gates of Eternity,
of the Blood
whose Sunset,
I will never leave it,
to not bandages us the Future of Existence,
in which we find us again,
the Death.

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74. The Existence of Suffering

How lonely could be my Life,
without the Tears of your Future,
lacked by the Will of Heaven,
whose zodiac Signs,
they killed us the Souls of Time,
which created us the Breathing,
of the Absurd,
which we have considered,
the our second birth of Death,
which we would have hurt her,
with the swords of Dreams,
whose Nightmares,
would never have learned,
to Die,
in the arms of the Tombs of Questions,
which it always put them for us,
the Existence,
of Suffering.

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75. So perfect

Let my the Moment,
it to sing to me Death,
so profound,
that it to become again, the Life,
of the Eternity which I ask,
the Heavens of your Eyes,
by the bitter Sea of the Destiny,
what has incarnated to me,
the Death,
it drowning me,
so perfect,
that no Moment,
no matter how Eternal would be,
does no longer succeed,
it to pass beyond,
by the Bridge of Infinite,
between Life and Death,
of my Ancestors.

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76. Eternity

Again

I want to open you the Gate of Eyes,
fenced by the grille of the Eyebrows,
of the Endlessness,
which you descend,
above the Absolute Truth,
of the Eternity,
with whose clothes, we covered us,
the dead Moments,
which we have lost them,
forgetting of ourselves,
on the scaffold of the Gallows of Words,
where even today still flowing
the Blood of Questions,
to which,
I did not answer them,
Never.

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77. The Deserted Smile

Becoming the criminals of the Eternity,
we decided us to die the Heavens of Truth,
on which no Cloud of the Despair,
it would no longer be able,
it to Kill him,
in the lap of the Perfection,
of a Death,
on which the rusty Soul of Forgetfulness,
would like to polish the Pain,
of a Horizon of the Despair,
what pours us the cup of Existence,
on the throat of a Time,
so stranger of ourselves,
that Nobody no longer recognizes his
the Death,
saving,
of our Smile,
Deserted,
of ourselves.

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